Ishmael ID:: The Pequod Captain

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Ishmael ID:: The Pequod Captain

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

The Captain stands tall in the middle of a wild and calamitous Lake, on top of her precariously swaying ship.

But no sailor shows any signs of fear or anxiety.

They merely look up to the child with conviction in their eyes. As though this was what they had been expecting all along.

Notes

Heres ahabmael

I did my best

Thanks

Love you

Disc server for polls https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: First (What else)

The descent into Ishmael's office was a descent into the heart of the Pequod—dark, damp, and smelling of things best left undisturbed. The narrow stairwell was little more than a rough-hewn ladder, its rungs worn smooth by countless ascents and descents, each step groaning underfoot like an old man's weary bones.You could faintly make out some of them, old rope, dried fish, and something faintly metallic, like old blood. The air hung heavy, like the stagnant stench in the ship's hold after a long voyage, thick with the ghosts of departed catches and the promise of more.

It pressed down on you, a physical weight in the confined space, making it difficult to draw a full breath. Each creak of the wooden steps beneath you was a heavy echo in the silence, a sound that seemed to linger long after your foot had left the tread, vibrating through the very bones of the ship and up through the soles of your worn leather boots. The wood itself seemed to absorb and amplify the sound, holding it captive in the close quarters.

But there was also something else, a pungent smell of smoke and salt. It permeated every corner of the space, clinging to the rough-hewn timbers and the damp canvas that lined the walls. It had since become a constant fixture in this cramped space, clung to the air, thicker than usual tonight. It was almost suffocating, like a shroud woven from brine and burnt wood. It coated your tongue with a gritty film and made your eyes water. It mixed with the faint, metallic tang that you had come to associate with Ishmael's more… intense moods.

A scent that prickled the back of your throat and set your teeth on edge, a smell of barely suppressed fury and single-minded fixation. It spoke of long hours spent poring over charts and maps, of a mind consumed by a single, all-encompassing obsession. A low, rhythmic drip, drip, drip of water somewhere unseen added to the unsettling ambiance, like the slow ticking of a morbid clock, each drop echoing the relentless beat of song, counting down to something unknown.

Walking throught the door anyone who would lay eyes on the office could easily see its devotion to Ishmael's singular obsession. The room itself was decently sized, but cramped, its walls lined with shelves and cluttered with various nautical instruments. Charts, crisscrossed with crimson lines like old scars, covered every surface, their edges frayed and curling with age, as if they themselves were weary of the secrets

they held. Some were marked with frantic scribbles in Ishmael's hand, barely legible notes about currents, wind patterns, and the migratory paths of mermaids. These notes, often scrawled in haste, betrayed a mind teetering on the edge of insanity.

Harpoon tips, polished to a deadly gleam, lined the walls, reflecting the flickering gaslight in distorted, unsettling ways, casting long, dancing shadows that seemed to writhe and shift with every flicker. One was larger than the rest, etched with a single, stylized white whale. The large map of the Great Lakes dominated one wall, its intricate details showing countless voyages and relentless pursuits, pinholes marking locations like tiny, accusing eyes staring out into the gloom.

You continued through the office calmly, a practiced mask of composure stretched over the frantic beating of your heart. Your palms were clammy, and a nervous tremor ran through your hands, which you kept clasped tightly behind your back in an attempt to conceal their trembling. Each step was carefully measured, an attempt to project an air of nonchalance that felt utterly false. Inside, however, a storm raged, mirroring the one brewing outside. Thoughts raced through your mind, a chaotic jumble of worries and fears, each one vying for attention.

You bowed your head slightly, keeping your gaze fixed on the worn wooden floor. It felt safer to look at the scuffed planks, each groove and knot a familiar landmark as this wasn't your first time here. You traced the patterns in the wood with your eyes, trying to find some solace in their familiar imperfections. The the wood worn smooth by countless restless paces and harpoon marks. Safer than to meet Ishmael’s piercing gaze, which you could feel burning into the top of your head like a physical weight, pinning you in place. It was a gaze that seemed to penetrate your very soul, stripping away your carefully constructed facade and exposing the raw vulnerability beneath. The silence stretched, thick and heavy, punctuated only by the crackle of the gaslight and the distant rumble of thunder, each boom a muffled echo along the horizon.

Ishmael stood with her back to the window, the stormy sky a churning backdrop to her silhouette, streaks of lightning briefly illuminating the rain-slicked glass like flashes of judgment. The flashes of light cast fleeting shadows across her face, momentarily revealing the harsh lines etched by years of hardship. A thin wisp of smoke curled from the pipe clenched between her teeth, momentarily obscuring her face, like a veil drawn before a storm, hinting at the tempest brewing on

the inside. When she turned, the gaslight caught the sharp angles of her jaw and the cold glint in her eyes, eyes that seemed to bore right through you, assessing, judging. That green sailor uniform that she wore, old and ragged, hung loosely to her frame. The fabric was faded and worn, bearing the marks of countless voyages and countless storms.

A muscle twitched in her jaw, the only visible sign of the tightly controlled fury within. There was no theatrical flourish, no grand pronouncements. Just a raw, simmering anger that radiated from her like heat from a furnace, palpable and suffocating. Her hand tightened around the stem of her pipe, the knuckles whitening. The air between you crackled with unspoken accusations, the weight of past events—a failed expedition, a lost crew, a broken promise. She was not going to accept a single liability amongst her crew.

“About time,” she snarled, the words escaping through the smoke like shards of ice, scraping against your ears. The pipe bobbed slightly as she spoke, the stem clenched so tightly in her teeth that she threatened to snap it. “I thought that I had made myself clear,” she continued, her voice dropping to a low, dangerous growl, “nothing short of absolute devotion—body, soul, and spirit—will be tolerated aboard this ship.” Each word was delivered with precision, leaving no room for interpretation. She took a slow, drawn out puff, the smoke momentarily veiling her expression again, like a shroud descending upon her already grim features, making her seem less human, more a force of nature.

“Apologies, Captain,” you began, your voice low and measured, still avoiding eye contact, though your hands clenched at your sides, betraying your inner turmoil. You could feel the blood pounding in your ears, but you forced calmness into your voice. “It’s just that frankly…” You took a deep breath, steeling yourself for the confrontation, the air catching in your throat. The words felt heavy on your tongue, each one a potential spark that could ignite her already volatile temper. “Your blind obsession with the whale is taking a toll on the crew. We’re exhausted, Captain. Our hands are raw, our backs ache, and sleep offers little respite from the endless rocking of the ship and the constant fear. Morale is low. We’re starting to doubt—if this is even worth it. Whispers are going around, Captain." You paused, letting the word hang in the air, heavy with implication. “The other men are talking about-”

Ishmael cut you off with a sharp, dismissive wave of her hand, the movement as abrupt as a gunshot, the suddenness making you flinch.

The force of her gesture seemed to physically push back your words, silencing you before you could fully articulate your concerns. The pipe shifted in her mouth, a thin stream of smoke escaping from the corner of her lips. “Doubt?” she echoed, her voice laced with incredulity, each syllable dripping with scorn. A humorless smile twisted her lips, shadows covering over her eyes.

“Doubt? After everything we’ve endured? After everything we’ve achieved?!” Her voice rose with each question, the volume increasing until it echoed through the small cabin. She took a step closer, her shadow falling over you, the smell of smoke and salt intensifying. You instinctively took a step back, trying to even your breathing. “Doubt is a luxury we cannot afford. Not now. Not ever.”

Ishmael’s expression hardened further as she blew a puff of white smoke out of her pipe, not even bothering to meet your gaze, dismissing you as if you were nothing more than an irritating insect buzzing around her head, easily swatted away. There was no question that she was in charge, there was always a barrier, an unspoken rule that detailed the vast gulf that separated captain and crew. This distance was not just a matter of rank, but a fundamental difference in their perspectives, their experiences, and their very beings.

Suddenly, she slammed her foot against the floor, the impact echoing through the small office with a loud clatter. The suddenness of the action made you jump, the unexpected noise was violent. The sound was amplified by the metal of her prosthetic leg, a constant, physical reminder of her past encounter with the whale, a wound that had never truly healed, a driving force behind her relentless pursuit. The vibrations traveling up through your own boots and into your bones, a clear demonstration of her power. It was a warning, not just to you, but to the entire crew: dissent would not be tolerated.

“You speak of my obsession,” she said, her voice rising in pitch, “yet you’re too ignorant to see just how close we truly are! He’s out there, I can feel it! just beyond the horizon, waiting. The words tumbled out of her, a torrent of fervent conviction. We're on the verge of finally claiming what is rightfully ours!” Her voice was filled with a desperate yearning, a consuming desire to finally achieve her long-sought goal.

She finally met your eyes, her gaze burning with an almost manic intensity, a thin sheen of sweat glistening on her forehead. Her eyes were wide and dilated, reflecting the flickering gaslight in an unsettling manner. “The Crimson Whale is weakened! This,” she

emphasized, gesturing towards the map with a sharp jab of her finger, the nail digging into the paper, leaving a small, crescent-shaped tear, “is the best, and possibly only, opportunity to strike!” Her finger landed heavily on a specific point on the map, a small, crudely drawn circle marking their current location, a spot ominously close to the last reported sighting. "Do you understand? This is it!"

“This isn’t obsession. This is purpose. This is what we were born to do! And purpose, is a rare and precious thing. Especially in this dreary world.” Her words hung in the air, but they did little to quell the unease inside you. You thought of the crew still out on the deck, their faces etched with exhaustion and fear, their eyes filled with a longing for home that no amount of grand pronouncements could erase. You could almost see their faces, their weary expressions, their silent pleas for an end to this relentless chase. They didn't see purpose in this hunt; they saw only a watery grave. You feared that this purpose was driving her to the brink of madness, and that she was willing to drag the entire crew down with her into those flickering depths.

She was so close now, her eyes boring into yours, a less than pleasant scent coming from her worn clothes. The stale odor of sweat, smoke, and unwashed fabric hung in the air between you, further emphasizing the intensity of her presence. Days upon days had she spent crammed in her office, infatuated with that great beast. The cramped confines of the office seemed to have become an extension of her own mind. The visible strain on her face showing as she invaded your personal space. Dark circles rimmed her eyes, and deep lines etched themselves around her mouth. “Do you think these sailors would be out here braving these treacherous waters if it weren’t for that purpose? Do you think they’d risk their lives for anything less?” Her voice was low and intense, each word a challenge, a demand for affirmation.

You remain silent, unsure how to respond. Ishmael’s words are twisting your own concerns, making them seem insignificant, like petty complaints in the face of a grand, heroic quest. Her rhetoric was powerful, seductive, attempting to reframe your anxieties as a lack of vision, a failure to grasp the magnitude of her mission. A seed of doubt, carefully planted, begins to sprout in the fertile ground of your own uncertainty. But the image of one of your fellow sailors, hands raw and bleeding from hauling ropes in the freezing rain, flashes through your mind. The ones who you had to watch helplessly as they we're thrown overboard or slain by pirates. The image of their lifeless bodies, swallowed by the unforgiving sea. No, not again.

You can almost feel the sting of the salt spray on your own face, the ache in your own muscles. The phantom sensations were so real that you could almost taste the salt on your lips, feel the burn in your lungs. You remember the hushed conversations you overheard last night, the crew talking in low voices about home, about families they might never see again, their voices thick with a mixture of fear and longing. They weren't driven by a burning purpose; they were driven by desperation, by the need to provide for loved ones hundreds of miles away, by the simple, primal hope of returning home alive, a hope that was dwindling with each passing day. Their motivations were far simpler, far more human, than the grand, abstract purpose that drove Ishmael.

"They believe in me," she continues, her voice softening slightly, almost conspiratorially, as if sharing a secret with you, making the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end. The sudden shift in tone was unsettling, a calculated attempt to draw you into her confidence. "They believe in us. They believe in what we're doing here. And that is a responsibility I have taken the great burden of withholding."

She places a hand on your shoulder, her grip surprisingly strong. You could feel the calloused, rough skin even through her gloves. The roughness of her hand spoke of a life spent at sea, battling the elements and commanding her crew. But that gesture of camaraderie was still at odds with the coldness in her eyes. The disconnect between her words and her expression created a sense of unease, a feeling that something was not quite right. "You're one of my best. I've always seen potential in you. A fire in your belly—a hunger for adventure, a thirst for the unknown!" Her words were carefully chosen, designed to flatter and appeal to your sense of ambition. As she says this she make a motion with her hand in the air, pulling you to her side as if she was recounting your greatest exploits right in front of your eyes. The gesture was theatrical, almost performative, as if she were staging a scene for an unseen audience.

"But lately I've been seeing something else." The change in her tone was subtle but noticeable, a shift from flattery to something darker and more ominous.

Her hand tightens on your shoulder, the pressure becoming almost painful, her fingers digging into the muscle, a clear warning beneath the veneer of caring. "Doubt is a disease. It spreads like wildfire, consuming everything in its path, leaving behind only ash and despair. It burrows into the mind, poisoning thoughts and eroding resolve. And it's our duty—to stamp it out before it infects the rest of

the crew.” Her words were delivered with the fervor of a zealot, painting a vivid picture of the destructive power of doubt. You try to maintain your composure, to meet her gaze without flinching, but the weight of her words, the intensity of her grip, is almost overwhelming. You can feel the doubt creeping into your own mind, an insidious whisper suggesting that perhaps she's right, that questioning her is a betrayal, a weakness.

With enough effort however you silence those thoughts, you had fallen for that before, but not again. Those grand speeches about how she was doing this for all of you, about how your undying and unquestioning devotion to her every word is what would lead you all to victory. The familiar rhetoric rang hollow, a well-worn script that had lost its power to persuade. However, she had spouted those words enough times to know when they weren't getting through. She was a keen observer, adept at reading the subtle nuances of human behavior. When someone needed a little more incentive to fall into line.

She steps back from you, her expression hardening, the brief flicker of warmth in her eyes extinguished, leaving only cold calculation. “So tell me…” she says, her voice low and demanding, “is that doubt still festering inside you? Or are you going to do whats best for the crew?” The question hung in the air, a thinly veiled threat, demanding an immediate and unequivocal answer.

She fixes you with an intense stare, waiting for your response. You continue to look at her with a neutral demeanor as best you can, but it starts to crack. The muscles in your jaw tighten, and a bead of sweat trickles down your temple. The forced composure is slipping, revealing the anxiety that hides within you. You can't let her get into your head that easily, this isn't just for you. The faces of your crewmates flash through your mind, their hopes and fears resting on your shoulders. You're doing this for the good of the whole crew, they were counting on you. "Even if all of this were true, even if this was our one chance to take down that godforsaken beast. C-captain you launched us from port three days early. We have a complete lack of supplies for such a voyage, even with significant rationing we could end up losing some of the crew to hunger." The words tumble out, a mix of defiance and desperation, revealing the deep concern that gnaws at you.

Ishmael stares you down, a flicker of something unreadable in her eyes. It's not anger, not exactly, but something colder, more calculating—a glint of steel sharpening, like a predator assessing its

prey before striking. The ambiguity of her expression is more unnerving than any outright hostility. She takes another draw from her pipe, the cherry glowing red, before carelessly blowing the smoke straight into your face. The acrid smoke stings your eyes and catches in your throat, the pungent smell of burnt tobacco filling your nostrils, making you cough involuntarily. You shut your eyes, doing your best to fan away the stuff, but the smoke lingers, a suffocating cloud around your head.

When the smoke clears, a thin smile plays on her lips. “Sacrifices must be made,” she says, her voice even without an ounce of hesitation. “A little hardship now is a small price to pay for the ultimate prize.” A chill runs down your spine at her words, the casual way she speaks of it making your stomach churn. The thought of men starving under her command fills you with a sickening dread. She gestures vaguely towards the map, the gesture almost dismissive, as if the lives of her crew are mere pawns on a chessboard. “We’ll manage. We always do.” Her dismissal is clear; the lack of supplies is a non-issue in her mind, a stark contrast to the gnawing hunger already plaguing the crew and the dwindling water reserves you’d overheard the first mate discussing.

“Supplies,” she repeats, the word laced withsuch carelessness, making it seem like it is something so small and insignificant. As if your practical concerns are beneath her notice, a flush of shame creeping up your neck. The feeling of being belittled burned, making you question your own judgment. “Such a thing is all it takes for you to take my abilities into question?" Anyone who might have not been familiar with her might have believed it was a genuine inquiry, but it was an accusation: How dare you question her judgment?

She steps closer, her voice pointed directly at you. “Do you think I haven’t considered the supplies? Do you think I would risk my crew—my own family, without a plan?” She liked to use that word, to describe the crew. A family. Even then it was true, you've been aboard this ship long enough to consider everyone here as if they were your own flesh and blood. The bonds forged through shared hardship and danger were deep and genuine. You would willingingly throw yourself into the maw of danger for your fellow sailor, and as much as wanted to deny it, you would do the same for her at her behest. The ingrained loyalty was a powerful force, even in the face of growing doubt.

“This isn’t just about supplies. This is about faith. Faith in me. Faith in what we are doing here on these cruel, unforgiving waves!” She leaned in again, as if she was about to share a secret with you, her

breath warm on your ear. “That hurts, you know. It truly hurts.” The sudden shift from cold command to wounded vulnerability is deeply unsettling, like an animal feigning weakness. This was clearly a manipulation tactic. Designed to make you feel guilty for your concerns... it has to be. But why does it mean so much to you? Why do you put your body out there on the line time and time again in order to get her acceptence, her praise. A sliver of doubt worms its way into your mind, whispering... why would you hurt someone you care about?

“Tell me, do you trust me?”

The question is simple, there is no physical or verbal threat behind it. Yet, the very simplicity of the question, coupled with the intensity of her gaze, creates an atmosphere of immense pressure. Just her gaze meeting yours, waiting for an answer. Her eyes bore into you, searching for any flicker of doubt, any hint of betrayal. The weight of her unspoken expectations presses down on you like a physical force. The weight is not just of her expectations, but of the history you share, the bonds you have forged, and the sacrifices you have made. The silence stretches, each tick of that unseen clock amplifying the tension, the only other sound the distant creaking of the ship and the gentle lapping of the waves against the hull. The silence is thick with unspoken words and unresolved anxieties, a heavy blanket stifling any attempt at honest communication.

You do trust her, you’ve always trusted her, from the day she first picked you up from the port of U Corp. The memory of that day is vivid, a lifeline in the turbulent sea of your current doubts. Time and time again she has saved you from the maw of the horrors that plague the lake. The memories of her rescues are etched in your mind, a testament to her courage and skill. To say you don't trust her would be to lie, a betrayal of the bond you share, a denial of the debt you owe her. The thought of betraying her loyalty is painful, a violation of the deep connection you feel. But to say that you do trust her implicitly, without reservation, feels equally false, a betrayal of your own instincts, a dismissal of the very real concerns that gnaw at you. The trust you once held feels fractured, splintered by recent events, leaving you unsure of what you truly believe.

Do you betray your own concerns, the concerns of the crew? Are you speaking on their behalf, voicing their unspoken fears, or are you simply acting out of self-preservation, desperately trying to save your own skin? The questions swirl in your mind, a relentless interrogation that offers no easy answers. The lines between loyalty, duty, and self-

interest are a tangled mess. That internal struggle manifests physically: your palms begin to sweat, your breath catches in your throat, and your heart pounds against your ribs, a frantic drumbeat urging you to choose, to speak, to do something.

But in the end you hesitated, even if it was for a moment, Ishmael's expression shifts. The briefest flicker of hesitation on your face is enough for her to see the truth. "I-I..." The stammered words betray your inner conflict, revealing the doubt that still lingers.

"I see," she says, her voice flat, devoid of any emotion, each word like a death knell. The coldness in her voice is more devastating than any outburst of anger. "Then I was wrong about you." The words are simple, yet they carry the weight of profound disappointment and rejection.

She turns away, the smoke trailing behind her like a spectral presence, pacing towards the window that overlooks the churning waters of the lake. "A lack of supplies can be remedied. A lack of faith, that's a far more difficult problem to solve." She stops at the window, her back to you, her silhouette framed against the stormy sky, a figure of implacable resolve, seemingly unmoved by the human cost of her ambition. "And sometimes," she adds, almost as an afterthought, a chillingly casual tone that gives you goosebumps, "problems solve themselves." Was that a threat? Those who lack faith might find themselves disappearing. Lost at sea. An unfortunate accident. The possibilities swirl in your mind, each one more terrifying than the last.

She turns back to you, her eyes narrowed, the light catching the sharp angles of her face, making her look even more severe. You instinctively straighten your posture, trying to appear as resolute as possible. "I expect absolute loyalty on this voyage. Is that understood?"

"I promise you my loyalties lie with you alone, Captain," you say, your voice as steady as you can manage, the words tasting like ash in your mouth. The declaration of loyalty feels hollow and insincere, not because you don't mean it, but because she had to question you at all. "As per my oath, I would follow you to the ends of the Earth if those were your orders." The recitation of the oath feels like a desperate attempt to appease her, a desperate plea for acceptance. She simply nods once, a curt, dismissive gesture, before turning back to the window, leaving you standing there, unsure if your words have reassured her or merely cemented your fate.

A slow smile spreads across Ishmael's face, a smile that doesn't quite reach her eyes. It's a smile that feels less like a genuine expression of warmth and more like the tightening of a noose around your throat, slowly cutting off your air.

"Good," she says, her voice regaining its earlier warmth, though it now carries a distinct edge of calculation, like a velvet glove concealing a fist of iron. "I knew I could count on you. You've always been one of my most reliable." But her words do little to ease the knot of unease in your stomach; they only tighten it. Her smile lingers for a moment too long, her gaze holding yours with an unsettling intensity that makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end. You have to resist the urge to look away, to break the connection. As she turns away again, you can't shake the feeling that you've just made a deal with the devil, and you're not entirely sure what the price will be—your soul, your life, or perhaps the lives of everyone on board.

Before long she makes her way back over to you, pacing around the room in her usual tone. "I expect you to keep a close eye on the crew. Make sure their spirits remain high. Any sign of wavering should be reported to me immediately." The request is a direct order, transforming you into her informant, a spy among your own comrades. It feels like a betrayal of your fellow sailors, a dirty task that leaves a bitter taste in your mouth. "Is that understood?"

She circles around you again for good measure, her eyes never breaking contact, like a predator circling its prey, assessing its weakness. "A-aye, Captain." You barely squeak it out, keeping your eyes ahead as you stare off into the waves. The air around you feels charged with tension, every breath you take heavy and strained, the silence punctuated only by the crackling of the gaslight and the soft whoosh of the wind against the windowpanes. The confined space amplifies the tension, making every sound seem magnified and ominous.

"Even though your loyalty has become doubtful as of late," she says, the gloves flexing, "I'm willing to hear it from your own mouth because I'm a very forgiving captain. Isn't that right?" A cold dread settles in your stomach at her words, the sweetness of her tone doing little to mask that there was only one answer. A thin, almost cruel smile plays on her lips as she says the word "forgiving".

You swallow hard, trying to maintain your composure. "Aye, Captain. That's right." But the word feels hollow, like a dry, rasping cough in your throat, a desperate attempt to appease her that rings false even

to your own ears. You can feel her eyes boring into you, assessing your every reaction, dissecting your every micro-expression. You feel like a specimen pinned beneath a microscope, every flaw magnified, every weakness exposed. You know that her "forgiveness" is conditional, and that any further sign of doubt will be met with swift and merciless retribution. It's not truly forgiveness, it's a leash. And she's tightening it.

"Good." Her voice softens slightly, but the unsettling intensity in her eyes remains, a chilling contrast to the gentle tone. "Forgiveness is a virtue, wouldn't you agree? A virtue that I, in my graciousness, am willing to extend to you."

She walks by you again, her breath warm on the back of your neck, becoming moist as she exhales. "It's a gift. A precious gift. And like any gift," she continues, her voice dropping to a near whisper, "it can be withdrawn… at any time. Without warning." Her hand moves to rest on the hilt of the harpoon strapped to her back, her fingers tracing the sharp edge of the blade, a silent and chilling reminder of the consequences of disobedience. The harpoon isn't just a tool; it's an extension of her, a symbol of her power, whether its used against man or beast.

"Tell me," she continues, slowing her pace. "Why should I forgive your lapses in loyalty? What have you done to earn the forgiveness of your Captain?" The question is a direct challenge, demanding an immediate and compelling justification for your continued existence in her good graces. A knot of ice forms in your gut. You know that any wrong answer could have dire consequences. Your heart pounds in your chest, a frantic drumbeat against your ribs, and your mind races, searching for the right words, the words that will keep you alive. You can feel her eyes piercing into you, like a physical brand, searing itself into your skin.

A sly smirk breaks the hardened expression for a brief second, a flash of cruel amusement, a glimpse of the predator beneath the surface. But she swiftly returns to her usual stern face as she watches you, the moment of levity only serving to amplify the threat. Without warning shes on you again, her face inches from the back of your neck, her breath warm and unsettling against your skin, making the hairs on your neck stand on end.

"Then tell me," she says, her voice a low purr, the words laced with a subtle challenge, "what are all the things I've done for this crew?" The question is a trap, you realize, designed to test your loyalty and

obedience. The question is a trap, you realize. There's no right answer. If you praise her too much, you'll seem sycophantic. If you don't praise her enough, you'll appear ungrateful. And if you mention anything negative, even indirectly... How can you possibly list everything? you think frantically. And how can you be sure you're giving her the answer she wants to hear?

No matter where you try to lead your eyes in the office, nothing is comforting as a distraction. Only reminders of your situation and the harsh environment that surrounds the safety of the ship. You can feel the heat of her breath on your neck, the pressure of her hands a constant reminder of her physical dominance, making it difficult to breathe. You rack your brain, trying to recall every instance of her leadership, every decision she's made. Your thoughts feel scattered, like frightened birds taking flight, the pressure making it hard to focus. Sweat beads on your forehead, and your breath is shallow.

"You've… you've always put the crew first, Captain," you stammer, the words catching in your throat, betraying your nervousness. "You've led us through storms that would have sunk lesser ships. You've always ensured we had the best equipment, the best training. You've always looked after our well-being, even when it meant sacrificing your own comfort." The words feel hollow, rehearsed, and you fear she can see right through you. You try to gauge her reaction, but her expression remains unreadable, that same smile that offers no clue as to whether your words are having the desired effect. Is she buying it? Or does she see the fear in your eyes?

You continue slowly, choosing your words carefully. "You… you brought us together, Captain. You gave us a purpose, a shared goal."

"Go on," she urges, her grip tightening slightly, the pressure on your shoulders increasing, a clear signal that she expects more.

"You've led us through storms, through treacherous waters. You've kept us safe, provided for us." You try to recall specific instances, hoping to impress her with your memory. "The time we were caught in that squall off the eastern shore… you navigated us through it flawlessly. And when we were low on rations last month, you managed to secure supplies from that passing freighter."

"There, there! See?" she coos, her voice sugar sweet, making your skin crawl. "That wasn't so hard to admit, right? It's only telling the truth. About how your gracious Captain does so much for the sake of this ship."

Slowly her hands begin creeping down your body, sliding over whatever skin they can find, leaving a trail of flush red as they go. The sudden physical contact is unexpected and uncouth, not even trying to be subtle. You aren't sure how to react at first, to have the captain's focus purely on you is wonderful. But to have her touch you like this so suddenly, to let her distract you from what you came here to do...

You look over her as she touches you, a jumbled mess of inner turmoil brewing. You clench your jaw, deciding it's better not to say anything, knowing that any protest will only make things worse. Silence feels like the only safe option, an attempt to avoid further escalation.

"Tell me, what was it that you said when we first met at the port? What did that desperate child say, when you begged me to take you along on a journey across the Great Lakes?“ The question is designed to evoke a sense of obligation and gratitude, reminding you of your perceived dependence on her.

"That as a member of the Pequod I would follow you. Through hell or high water... I could be your harpoon, your oar. Whatever you needed me to be." The recitation of your past words feels like a forced confession, a painful reminder of your youthful desperation and the promise you made. The words feel like a desperate plea for survival, a hollow promise made under duress. The original meaning of the oath has been twisted and corrupted, now a symbol of your submission rather than your loyalty.

Ishmael’s smile widens, her eyes gleaming with a predatory light, like a wolf eyeing its prey in the moonlight. Her hands stop their descent, resting lightly on your hips. She leans in closer, her tone was low, almost guttural purr. “Such… devotion,” she murmurs, her voice laced with a subtle threat, each word dripping with possessiveness. You grit your teeth, resisting the urge to pull away, to recoil from her touch. You recognize this for what it is: a power play, a way for her to assert her dominance and control, to remind you of your vulnerability.

“Through hell or high water,” she repeats, her voice a low whisper that sends a shiver down your spine, the faint scent of pipe smoke clinging to her breath as she speaks.

She chuckled, a dry, humorless sound that could only befit someone who meant no kindness. Before her tone slowly became a slight bit cruel as she spoke, her grip on your shoulders, the subtle increase in pressure almost imperceptible, but unmistakable. "But words are just words, aren’t they? It’s actions that truly matter.”

The words linger in your head, the unspoken implication far more terrifying than any explicit declaration. You can feel her touches growing hungrier, paitiently waiting for the right moment. You instinctively tense, your breath catching in your throat. You know that she's testing you, waiting to see if your actions will match your words. You wonder what she expects you to do to prove your loyalty, what acts she might demand of you.

And then, without warning, she shifted closer. Her body pressed against yours, her chest molding into your back, her movements slow and deliberate. The weight of her figure seemed to anchor you in place, ensnaring you in an embrace that was far too tight, far too intimate. You could feel every curve, every indent of her form as if she were imprinting herself onto you. A faint tremor passed through you, but it was lost beneath the oppressive heat of her presence.

"Turn your head this way... and open your mouth." Her voice was low, a murmur that somehow felt deafening in the silence. She leaned over your shoulder, her chin settling into the crook of your neck as if it were made to fit there. Her breath fanned across your cheek, hot and stale with the bitter tang of pipe smoke, making your stomach churn. You instinctively tried to pull away, a small, reflexive recoil, but her arms locked around you like iron bars, unyielding.

This isn't right. The thought flashes through your mind, a desperate, frantic plea for escape that feels as fleeting as a breath, but you quickly suppress it. This ship—it's all you have, the one constant in a world that feels like it could crumble at any moment. It was your family, your home. It was who you were. To lose it would be to lose yourself. The captain's attention, though unwanted and terrifying, also feels… important. A lifeline you never asked for but can't seem to let go of. A validation you crave, even as it disgusts you.

You turn your head slowly to face her directly, each movement heavy, as though the air itself has thickened around you. With a slight reluctance, your lips part—a silent acquiescence, though every fiber of your being screams to resist. You keep your eyes fixed on the wall behind her, refusing to meet her gaze, clinging to that sliver of detachment like a shield. You try to become a mere observer of your own body, watching yourself from some distant, detached corner of your mind.

The feeling of her breath on your face intensifies, hot and invasive, and you brace yourself for whatever is about to happen. Your stomach churns, a nauseating knot tightening with every passing second. The

air between you feels suffocating, heavy with unspoken tension.

A confusing mix of emotions swirls within you—fear, disgust, and a deeply unsettling flicker of… something else. Shame floods your senses as you try to shove that feeling down, burying it beneath layers of rationalization and denial. A desperate need for her approval, a twisted sense of obligation. It clings to you like a parasite, feeding off your vulnerability. It is a feeling that you immediately despise yourself for having.

The thought flashes through your mind, its very presence sickening: a twisted justification for her actions, a lie she has carefully cultivated within you. Her words, her gestures, the way she carries herself—they've all planted seeds of doubt in your reality, and now those seeds are blooming into a tangled, suffocating vine. She's only doing this because she cares. She's only testing me. You cling to the thought as if it might shield you from the truth.

To deny her would be to deny the captain who has done so much to keep us safe, even though logic and your gut scream otherwise. But that inner voice—the one that's trying to warn you, trying to scream over the chaos—grows quieter with every passing moment.

She grins, pleased with your compliance. The expression is equal parts triumphant and condescending, a predator relishing its victory. "There we go, good job. Just hold on to this for me." She takes the pipe out of her mouth and gently slides it between your lips for you to hold. The motion is calculated—a quiet reminder of her dominance.

A confusing mix of emotions swirls within you—a flicker of something akin to relief at having appeased her, a deep-seated disgust at the intimacy of the gesture, and a disturbing sense of obligation. You can feel your skin crawling, the weight of the moment pressing down on you like an invisible hand. You try to push down the rising nausea, the feeling of being used, but it lingers, clinging to the back of your throat like a bitter aftertaste.

You clamp your jaw shut, biting down hard on the pipe, the wood digging into your lips. The pressure feels grounding, a small defiance in a situation where you have no real control. You refuse to give her the satisfaction of a response, but the silence feels like another form of surrender. The bitter, smoky taste of whatever she was smoking begins to seep into your mouth, spreading across your tongue. It's not entirely unpleasant, you guess. But that thought only makes the shame worse, as if your body is betraying you in the smallest, cruelest way.

Seeing you take the pipe into your mouth, a look of satisfaction flickers across her face, her eyes glinting with smug approval. It's a clear indication that she has once again asserted her control. The air between you grows heavier, the power dynamic tilting further in her favor as she watches you with a mix of amusement and ownership.

"There you go, it's easier, right? When you just listen to the orders you're given." Her tone is soft but laced with condescension, each word driving home her point.

With her gloved hands, she slowly starts roving them down around your clothed form. Each movement has a purpose, almost languid, as though she has all the time in the world to savor this treat shes been given. Each touch was like fire, igniting everything it touched. The leather of her gloves, soft but unyielding, drags across your skin, amplifying every sensation. You close your eyes, trying to mitigate the feeling, but the sensation of her hands on you is inescapable. It burns into your consciousness, leaving behind invisible marks that feel impossible to erase. It's as if she's branding you, marking you.

"You're a good sailor. I can see that. But loyalty… that is an imperative requirement on my ship." Her voice is low, steady, but there's an edge to it—a quiet demand.

She lets out an amused hum, noticing the slight change in your breathing at her touches. Her amusement feels like a victory, each shaky breath a confirmation of her control. It's not a sound of pleasure, but of triumph, that you are giving in. Her hands are meticulous, as if mapping every contour of your body, learning the boundaries she intends to push. Slowly, they trail around your waist, sliding beneath the top you wear. A smirk plastered on her face as she notices how tense you are. Her fingers brush against your skin, cool through the gloves, yet the heat of her presence makes you shiver.

You feel like an insect pinned to a board, every twitch and tremor a source of amusement for her. Your mind screams for you to move, to push her away, but your body refuses to obey, frozen under the weight of her presence.

"Mnngh..." You slowly stumble forward, sticking your arms out to brace yourself up against her desk as she continues to touch. The solid surface feels cold beneath your palms, grounding you in the moment even as you wish you could disappear. With nowhere else to go, all you can really do is brace yourself for what's going to happen.

She starts wandering her hands up toward the buttons of your shirt, slowly unbuttoning it, each button undone further exposing you to the air of the room. The cool air bites at your skin, a sharp contrast to the heat of her touch, making you hyper-aware of every sensation.

She slowly slides her hands up onto your bare stomach, gently yet firmly massaging over the muscle there. Her touch lingers, pressing into you with a mixture of possessiveness and precision. Her eyes remain glued to your face, her tongue quickly licking her lips as she looks at you intently. The gesture is slow and drawn out, she wants you to see it. You feel small under her overbearing presence, like prey that has unwillingly backed itself into a corner.

The last button pops open, giving full exposure of your chest. The cool air of the room washes over your skin. She finally reaches her other hand up, gently brushing her fingers along the now-exposed skin, as if inspecting a piece of merchandise. Her touch is slow, almost reverent, but there's no kindness in it—only a clinical, possessive curiosity.

She begins sliding her hands down behind your legs, her gloves dragging over the fabric, before lifting you up onto her desk. The movement is fluid, practiced, as though she's done this countless times before. The hard surface of the desk feels cold beneath you.

"Haah... haah." The sound of your own ragged breathing fills your ears, drowning out even the waves in the background. Her hands continue their slow, deliberate descent, each touch special, a further assertion of her dominance. She presses her body against you, trapping you against the desk once again. The hard wood digs into your back, preventing any escape.

She pushes her knee between your legs, trying to stop you from squirming. The pressure is calculated, designed to immobilize you without causing pain, but it feels so good grinding up against you. You feel pinned, powerless, every muscle tense with fear and resistance. Your body betrays you further, locked in place despite every instinct screaming for you to fight or flee.

"Shut up." The single word cuts through the air, sharp and commanding, silencing your ragged breathing, silencing the protests that rise in your throat. It carries an undeniable finality, a weight that crushes any thoughts of resistance. You clamp your mouth shut, the inside of your cheeks trembling, fighting back the urge to breathe.

As she starts working at your belt, you bite down on your lip just

imaging what shes going to do. Your heart pounds against your ribs, You and the Captain... This is happening. This is really happening. The reality settles over you like a suffocating shroud, wrapping around you and stealing the air from your lungs. You are losing control, your body, your will—everything being taken from you. You feel utterly helpless to stop it, and you love every moment of it.

She grips your belt with a firm hand, unbuckling it with relative haste without breaking eye contact. Her gaze is unrelenting, as if she wants to see every single whimper you let out. The sound of the buckle clicking open echoes in the sudden silence as it falls to the side. The metallic noise reverberates in your ears, each one feeling like the toll of a diving bell marking your descent.

She pulls on it with enough force to snap the button off, the sharp rip of fabric showing just how much she wants this. "Do you know how many times I've thought of you like this?" Her words are hushed, no one in the entire world can hear them but you. Her tone is casual, almost conversational, which only makes the statement more exciting. The question isn't to be taken into consideration, but a reminder that you are constantly under her scrutiny, her object of desire and control. The realization blooms inside you, a revelation that every interaction, every glance, has been a step leading to this moment.

Right when she’s about to fully undo them, there’s a knock on the office door, interrupting you. The sound is abrupt, cutting through the suffocating tension like a blade. A wave of relief washes over you, a brief reprieve. Your chest heaves as you take in a shaky breath, the knock feeling like a lifeline thrown just as you were about to drown.

But beneath the relief, a new fear takes root: What could be worth interrupting the Captain? The reprieve is temporary, the tension lingering like a shadow that refuses to dissipate.

A deep scowl appears on her face as she is interrupted. The expression transforms her features, replacing the predatory focus with something sharper, more dangerous. Her irritation feels like a storm cloud, heavy and charged, ready to erupt at the slightest provocation. The carefully constructed intimacy of the moment shatters, leaving behind nothing but unease.

She stops, her hand still resting on your unbuckled belt, before looking over at the door with undisguised annoyance. Her fingers linger, as though reluctant to let go of the control she had moments ago. She gives an irritated grumble, the sound rough and impatient,

before she calls out, her voice regaining its usual commanding tone.

“Who is it?” The question is sharp, meant to be threatening. Her tone carries an edge, a warning to whoever dared to interrupt. But it's soon clear by the panicking in the man's voice that it's urgent.

"C-Captain we need you out here! There's a whale approaching us fast from the starboard side!" The words hit you like a splash of cold water, yanking you from the oppressive closeness of the moment into a different kind of chaos. One nightmare has been interrupted by another.

A loud, frustrated groan escapes her as she processes their words, her patience completely and utterly run dry. Her anger feels like a living thing, coiling around the room, suffocating and unrelenting. But nonetheless she has a job to do and she knows it.

You feel like a pawn on her chessboard, your fate entirely dependent on her whims. The power she wields over you feels absolute, even in her distraction, and you’re acutely aware of how easily she could turn it back on you.

She slowly slides her hands off you as she turns around, the sudden absence of her touch leaving you feeling strangely empty and exposed. She fixes her appearance, smoothing down her clothes and adjusting her jacket, the precise movements a mask for her barely contained fury. Her actions are methodical, calculated, as if reclaiming her composure will help her reclaim her lost moment.

She scowls even more when she hears the message. Her expression darkens further, the lines of her face hardening into something almost cruel. She glances back at you for a moment, a look in her eyes that you can't quite decipher—a mixture of annoyance, calculation, and perhaps even a hint of… disappointment? The ambiguity of her gaze cuts deeper than any words could, leaving you frozen in place, unsure whether her ire is directed at the interruption or at you. You feel a chill run down your spine, unsure what she expects of you.

In a firm voice she calls out toward the door, loud enough for it to be heard on the other side. “Get the hell back on deck! I’ll be there in a minute!” Her tone brooks no argument, her authority unquestionable. Even through the door, her words must feel like a lash to whoever is on the other side.

Before she turns back to you, she leans in closer, her presence suffocating. “My quarters tonight,” she says, her voice low and

deliberate, each word laced with intent. Her tone leaves no room for negotiation. She snatches her pipe back from you, the gesture abrupt and dismissive, as if you were an object to be used and discarded. “Don’t be late.”

She then stomps her way up to the deck, her harpoon in hand, the determined set of her shoulders and the purposeful stride of her walk leaving no doubt as to her intentions. The weight of her authority radiates from her with every step, a palpable force that bends everyone around her to her will. She is a force of nature, and no mere beast will stand in her way.

And neither will her crew.

End Notes

Next chapter will be dropped in the next like 3 days I prommy it's just this calc homework whooping my ass

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